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THE KANZAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

By P. B. PLUMB.

EMPORIA, KANZAS, JULY 4, 1857.

VOL. 1—No. 3.

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The office of THE KANZAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Florishes, Guts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES or STOCK, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "EXCISION" is our motto.

The Kansas News.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857.

Rough Sketches of Foreign Literature.

DOUGLASS JERROLD. A well known contributor to Punch, and editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp, angular, and his eyes of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and with keen sensibility, he often writes under the impulse of the moment articles which his cooler judgment condemns. He was formerly a "journal" printer, and it was while working on a London journal that he first became known to fame. A celebrated German opera was all the rage, and Jerrold on hearing it one night, wrote a criticism and sent it to the editor of the journal on which he worked. This production excited much interest from the originality and power of discrimination displayed therein, and many enquiries were made for the author. The surprise of the editor may be imagined when he presented himself and modestly announced that he was the person. Who has not laughed at Mrs. Candide's Curtain Lectures, or felt a tugging at his heart when reading that terrible picture of England's plague-spot—her social wrongs and inequalities—St. Giles and St. James. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the internal application of Adam's ale. In conversation he is witty and sarcastic; quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and a grandfather.

MACAULAY. The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic proportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on as if firmly as a pin head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects, all else, except the voice, which is monotonous and disagreeable, is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; his eyes, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather struggles along the street, he seems in a state of total abstraction to all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it is a grown part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily food. Macaulay formerly occupied a seat in the House of Commons and made a respectable figure as a debater. It is in literature that he shines pre-eminently, his versatility being equaled only by his power of vivid description and glowing comparison. He has given to History the charm of romance, without detracting from its dignity, and his essays will always stand in the first rank for analytical ability, literary acumen, and brilliancy of diction.

BAILEY. A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Nottingham, England, says: "I have seen Bailey, the author of 'Festus.' His father is proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick set sort of a man, of a stature below the middle size, complexion dark, and in years about eight-and-thirty. His physiognomy would be clownish in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his other features. He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in America, of which he seems very proud. In England it has only reached its third edition, whilst eight or nine have been published in America. No living poet has been more severely criticised and few have warmer admirers. The glowing mysticism and gorgeous ambiguity of the language in which he clothes his ideas, will prevent him from being as widely appreciated as his glorious genius deserves."

DE QUINCY. He is one of the smallest legged, smallest bodied, and most attenuated effigies of the human divine that one can find in a crowded city during a days walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are neither fashionably cut or fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerably rough idea of De Quincy. But then his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back part of his head, and his light grey eyes, that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most abstruse logic, are something that you search a week to find the mates to, and then you will be disappointed. De Quincy is one of the English correspondents of the N. Y. Tribune. He is the most profound essayist and critic of the present day, and his prose flows over the page in a measure as stately as classic verse. His "Confessions of an Opium Eater," will be treasured as one of the curiosities of literature displaying as it does most vividly, a singular phase of the human mind, very wild and weird in its details. He now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburgh, where an affectionate daughter watches over him, and where he is the wonder of the country people for miles around.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT. In one of the southern suburbs of London, is a neat little cottage villa, which has a very enticing air of comfort and snugness. Enter it and in a small parlor whose walls are hung with a few choice gems of art and which displays evidences of refined taste, may be found a comely middle-aged couple, busily engaged in reading or writing. They look like staid respectable people, and would be the last persons one would call literary. Yet in the calm dark eyes and broad brow of the gentlemen, and soft genial intellectual heart-look of the lady, the observer finds something more than mere respectability. This is the home of the Howitts and the persons we have introduced are William and Mary Howitt, the pleasantest and heartiest of all writers. They were formerly connected with the Quakers and still retain many of their peculiarities. Mr. Howitt was formerly a druggist in Notting-

ham, his place of nativity and is now about fifty years of age. He is rather above the middle size and somewhat corpulent in person. Mrs. Howitt has quite a matronly appearance and her soft hazel eyes give a charm to her face. For pictures of home-life and travel-life they are unsurpassed and in his "History of Priestcraft," Wm. Howitt has shown himself possessed of great historical knowledge, philosophical power and logical ability. Through the charming translations of Mary Howitt the novels of Frederika Bremer were first introduced to the English reader.

The Effect of the Emancipation Movement in Missouri.

The successful inauguration of the emancipation movement in Missouri by the election of John M. Wimer, as the Mayor of St. Louis, has already borne fruit in the tremendous rise of real estate, not only in St. Louis but throughout the entire State. It is well known to all owners and purchasers of real estate that the sale this spring have been three-fold as great and at greater increase of price than ever before obtained in this city. The same is true of the State. Never has there been such a demand for Missouri lands, and never before have such prices been obtained as during the present spring. Herefore the emigration from the free States has directed itself upon Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Kansas, but now much of this great tide has turned itself upon Missouri, and the reason of this is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that the movement for free labor which has so recently triumphed in St. Louis, and which has shown a vitality that bids fair to become victorious in the State, has drawn attention to the rich lands of Missouri, and holds out the promise that they are not long to be cursed with the incubus which has so long made them barren and unprofitable.

There are, doubtless, other causes which have contributed to this result. The hard winters of the last two years have disgusted many with the climate of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa. The publicity given to the vast mineral and agricultural resources of the State has not been without its effect. The growing prospect for the completion of our railroads has also contributed no little. But more than any or all these put together, has been for the permanent welfare of the State, by the gallant and courageous conduct of those of our own citizens who have given the pledge to the entire world that here, in Missouri, the interest of free white labor should be respected and protected. This has brought to our city, and to every county in the State, hundreds and thousands of honest and industrious free white laboring men; and it has brought, and will continue to bring, millions of dollars for investment in our lands.

We are not alone in this thinking—many persons who opposed the movement this spring as premature, who thought it right in itself, but considered it unwise to press it at this time, having since admitted to us and to others that they were mistaken, that the authors of the movement were right, that the result had more than realized all that was claimed for it, that already it had added thousands to our population and millions to our wealth. The people of this State have come to the conclusion that there are other kinds of property in the State besides negroes, that in fact the other property of the State is worth millions for every thousand dollars of slave property, that it is silly in the extreme to sacrifice the millions for the thousands. They have concluded, notwithstanding the protests of the *Republican and Leader*, that white men are a much better population than the negroes; and that we would be better off if the negroes were removed and white men should come in to fill up the State. Indeed, it would not surprise us if the process of demonstration which has taken place here this spring should continue, to see the movement for emancipation consummated by success in one half the time we thought it would take when it first commenced.—*Missouri Democrat.*

Good Advice.

The following good advice was given by Hon. Thos. Corwin, to a young man who applied to him for a clerkship, during his seat in the Cabinet:

Thrice was he refused; and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the Secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose, and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the Department. "My young friend," said he, "go to the North-west; buy 160 acres of Government land—or if you have no money to purchase, squat on it; get you an axe and a mattock; put up a log cabin for a habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman; your own master, no one to give you orders, and without dependence on anybody. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out to-morrow; and there's a man over at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by-and-by can kick him out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom; and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life would assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

NOT A SOUL NEAREST GOD.—O beautiful thought is this, that there is not a soul that nearest God. The outcast, the lowly, the down-trodden and the poor, all live within His measureless provision. All are nesting beneath one Parent's protecting wing.

TOIL AND LABOR! of the hands—the heart! Toil and labor! Heaven's twin messengers to man—earth's greatest benefactors! Say not they are evil; 'tis treason to Nature—'tis impiety to God.

Importance of Knowledge to the Mechanic.

Let us imagine for a moment the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire what change will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes, and happiness, in all that makes up the character, by the gradual pouring of knowledge. He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense.—Labor and rest, the hope of mere animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food, make up the whole sum of his existence. Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labor, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving or changing the processes of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition. When released from labor, he does not rejoice for rest, because he has no other work, and he has no book, no lesson of science, no play of the mind, no interesting pursuit, to give a zest to the hour of leisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him, for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or troubles of others, to whom he cannot feel nor perceive his bonds of relationship. All of life is but a poor boon for such a man; and happy for himself and for mankind, if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence be not broken. Happy for him if that best and surest friend of man, that messenger of good news from Heaven to the poorest wretch on earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim would he fall to vice or crime! How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced principles, and throw him grovelling in intemperance, or send him abroad on the ocean or the highway, an enemy to himself and his kind!

But let the light of science fall upon that man; open to him the fountain of knowledge; let a few principles of philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought; he begins to look upon his art with an altered eye. It ceases to be a dark mechanical process, which he cannot understand; he regards it as an object of inquiry, and begins to penetrate the reasons, and acquire a new mastery over his own instruments. He finds other and better modes of doing what he had done before, blindly and without interest a thousand times. He learns to profit by the experience of others, and ventures upon untried paths. Difficulties, which before have stopped him at the outset, receive a ready solution from some luminous principle of science. He gains new knowledge and new skill, and can improve the quality of his manufacture, while he shortens the process, and diminishes his own labor. Then labor becomes sweet to him; it is accompanied by the consciousness of increasing power; it is leading him forward to a higher place among his fellow men. Relaxation, too, is sweet to him, as it enables him to add to his intellectual stores, and to mature, by undisturbed meditation, the plans and conceptions of the hour of labor. His home has acquired a new charm; for he is become a man of thought, and feels and enjoys the peace and seclusion of that sacred retreat; and he carries thither the honest competency which is the companion of well-earned success. There, too, bright visions of the future sphere open upon him, and excite a kindly feeling towards those who are to share in his prosperity. Thus his mind and heart expand together. He has become an intelligent being, and, while he has learnt to esteem himself, he has also learnt to live no longer for himself alone. Society opens like a new world to him, he looks upon his fellow-creatures with interest and sympathy, and feels that he has a place in their affections and respect.—Temptations assail him in vain. He is armed by high and pure thoughts. He takes a wider view of his relations with the beings about and above him. He welcomes every generous virtue that adorns and dignifies the human character. He delights in the exercise of reason—he glories in the consciousness and the hope of immortality.—G. B. EMERSON.

Letting Down the Aristocracy.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at this magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintances: "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason when they went to the public school in William street together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognise one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the roguish, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and I not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own.—Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up and with smiles of winning sweetness remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lip in silence.

Wishes run over in loquacious impetuosity! Will presses on with laconic energy.—*Lavater.*

Moral Courage.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field every thing. The charge—the word of command—high-sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of the bugle's note, as with more than magic sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front—planted there to stand amid victory or defeat; oh how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobly, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle field compared with the moral courage of every day life! Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of a hundred battle fields, and lie in a forlorn hope in each, than bear and do such things? Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—to do—when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away. Yet war looking back on the page of history, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names—all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold—how fares it with them? Cherished as earth's honored sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for its sake—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thought and love. And yet what did they? Like men they spoke the truth that was in them. This was their courage. If they had been silent, if trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died like other men.—But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before every thing else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing.—Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.—C. M. Clay.

Issuing the New Cent.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, of the 25th ult., gives a graphic description of the excitement and crowd at the Mint during the hours of the first day fixed for the distribution of the new cent. The old red cents and Spanish flips, levis and quarters were taken in exchange for the new coin. In order to facilitate business, the exchange was carried on in sums of five dollars. The Mint was to open at nine o'clock, and before that hour a great crowd had gathered about it, intent upon compelling it to disgorge its glittering new treasures. Preparations had been made to give the crowd a warm reception. The Bulletin says:

The bags containing the "Nicks" were neat little canvas arrangements, each of which held five hundred of the diminutive strangers, and each of which bore upon its outside the pleasant inscription "85." Just as the State House Bell had finished striking nine o'clock, the doors of the Mint were thrown open and in rushed the eager crowd—paper parcels, well-filled handkerchiefs, carpet bags, baskets and all. But those who thought there was to be a grand scramble, and that the boldest pusher would be first served, reckoned without their host.—The invading throng was arranged into lines which led to the respective windows; those who bore silver had the post of honor assigned them and went to the right, while those who bore nothing but vulgar copper were constrained to take to the left.

These lines soon grew to an unconceivable length, and to economize space they were wound around and around like the convolutions of a snake of a whimsical turn of mind. The clerks and the weighers exerted themselves to the utmost to meet the demands of all comers and to deal out the little canvas bags to all who were entitled to receive them; but the crowd grew apace and we estimated that at one time there could not have been less than one thousand persons in the zigzag lines, weighed down with small change and waiting patiently for their turn.

Those who were served rushed into the street with their money bags, and many of them were immediately surrounded by an outside crowd who were willing to buy out in small lots at an advance on first cost.—We saw quite a number of persons on the steps of the Mint dealing out the new favorites at an advance of from thirty to one hundred per cent, and some of the outside purchasers were huckstering out the coin again in smaller lots at a still heavier advance. The great majority of those who came out "made tracks" with their bags of money, and not an omnibus went eastward past the Mint, for several hours, that did not, like the California steamers, carry "specie in the hands of the passengers."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—1st. A man out of money can't be happy. 2nd. A man without a wife can't be happy. 3rd. A man out of health can't be happy.

Therefore, I have come to the conclusion, that the best way to be happy is to take care of your health, keep out of debt, and get a wife.—*Journal of Health.*

Oh! many a hopeless love, like this may be, For love will live, that never looks to win; Gens rashly lost in passion's stormy sea, Not to be lifted forth when once cast free.

[Mrs. Norton.]

Eternity doth wear upon her face The veil of time. They only see the veil; And thus they know not what they stand so near.

[Alexander Smith.]

Promises are blossoms; deeds are fruit.

From the Nashville Union and American.

Sut Lovengood's Shirt.

BY ***** L. OF TENN.

The first one I met was 'Sut' (after crossing the Hiwassee,) 'weaving along' in his usual rambling uncertain gait; his appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a free fight, or was just out-growing one of his big drunks. But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's the matter now?" "Heep's wrong; darn my skin if I haint most dead. Lite off on that ar hoss, George, an' take a horn, while I take two (shaking that everlasting flask of his at me,) an' plant myself on that ar' log an' I'll tell ye ef I ken, but its most beyont tellin'. I reckon I'm the darndest fool out en Claw, except my dad, for he acted hoss, an' I haint dun that yet—allers in some trap that cudent ketch a sheep. I'll drown myself sum day, see ef I don't, just to stop a family dispersion to make d-d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut, have you been beat playing cards, or drinking, which is it?" "Nara one; that can't be did in these parts; but seein' its you, George, I'll tell you; but I swar I'm 'shamed—sick—sorry, and—mad, I am."

"Ye know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin on the mountain, an' pays fur such as I gets when I hev money, an' when I harent eny; why he takes one third or it outen me in cussin and she, that's his wife Betts, takes out tother two-thirds with the battlin' stick, and the intrust with her tung, and the intrust's mor'n the princip'l—hear more.—She's the cussedest 'oman I ever seed eny how fur jaw and pride. She can scold a blister into a bull's face rite on the curl in two minits. She patens arter ev'ry fashen she hears tell on', from bussils to briches. Oh! she's one of 'em, and sometimes she's two or three. Wall, ye see, I'd got sum home-made cotton truck to make me a new shirt outen, and coaxed Bett to make it, and about the time it wur dun, here cum Lawyer Johnson along and axed for brekfus—I wish it had pizened him, darn his hide, and I wonder it didn't, fur she cooks awful mixings when she tries. I'm pizen proof myself, (holding up his flask and peeping through it,) ur I'd been ded long ago."

"Well, while he were a eatin', she spied out that his shut was stiff an' mity slick; so she never rested till she worm'd it outen him that a preparation ove flour did it, an' she got a few particulars about the pessed-into, outen him, by 'oman's art—I don't know how she did it, perhaps he does. Arter he left, she sot in an' biled a big pot ove paste, nigh onto a peck ove it, an' souzed in my shirt an' let it soak awhile; then she tuk it an' ironed it out flat an' dry, an' set it up on its aidge agin the cabin in the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hide, an' it rattled like a sheet ove iron, it did, it wur pasted together all over. When I cum to dinner, nuthin' wud du but I must put it on. Well, Betts an' me got the thing open arter sum hard work, she pullin' at one ove the tails an' me at tuther, an' I got into it. I felt like I'd crawled inter an old bee gum an' hit full of pisants; but it wur like Lawyer Johnson's, an' I stud it like a man, an' went to work to build Betts a ash-hopper. I worked powerful hard an' swet like a hoss, an' when the shirt got wet it quit its hurtin'."

Arter I got dun, I tuk about four fingers ove red head an' crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snuse.

"Well, when I waked up I thot I was ded; or had the cholery, for all the jints I cud move wur my ankles, wrist, and knees—cudn't even move my head an' skakely wink my eyes—the cussed shirt were pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint ove the tails to the pint ove the broad-ax collars ove my years. It sot to me as clost as a poor cow daz her hide in March. I squirm'd an' strain'd till I got it sorter broke at the shoulders an' elbows, an' then I dun the darndest foot thing ever did in these mountains. I shuffled my briches off an tore luse from my hide about two inches ove the tail all round, in much pain and tribulation. Oh! but it did hurt. Then I tuk up a plank outen the loft an hung my legs down thru the hole an' nailed the aidge ove the frunt tail to the aidge of the floor before, an the hind tail I nailed to the plank what I sot on. I on-buttended the collar and ristsbands, raised my hands way above my head, shot up my eyes, said 'Gooe, an' jump thru to the groun floor."

Here Sut ruminated sadly.

"George, I'm a durnder fool than ever dad was, hoss, horns and all. I'll drown myself some of these days see ef I don't."

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I—t-h-i-n-k—it—d-i-d. I hearn a noise sorter like tarin' a shingle ruff off ov a house, all at onst, an felt like my bones were all that reached the flure. I staggered to my feet an tuk a look up at the shut.—The nails had all hilt thar holt, an' thar it wur hangin' arms' down inside out, an as stiff as ever. It looked like a map ove Mexico jist arter one ove the wurst battles—a patch of my hide about the size ove a dollar an' a half bill here; a bunch ove my har about the size ove a bird's nest thar; then sum more skin; then sum paste; then a little more har; then a heap ove skin; then more har; then skin, an' so on all over that durndest new fangled, everlastin', infernal cuss ove a shut. It wur a pictur to look at—an' so ur I. The hide, har, an' paste wur about ckeckly devoiced atween me and hit. Wonder what Betts thot when she cum home an' found me missin'."

Spect she thinks I crawled into the thicket an' died ove my wounds. It looked as skared her good, fur I tell you it most like the skin ove sum wild beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerried a load ove fresh beef from a shooin' match.

"Now, George, ef ever I ketch that Lawyer Johnson out, I'll shoot him, an' ef ever an 'oman talks about flat'nin' a shut for me agin, darn my everlastin' picter ef I don't flatten her. Its a rit-rition sartin', the biggest kind ove a preacher's regular rit-rition. Du you mind my drivin' ove dad throu' the hornet's nest, and then racin' ove him inter the creek?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is what cums ove it. I'll drown myself sum of these days, see ef I dont, ef I don't dis from that orful shut.—Taka a horn, and don't you ever try a sticky shut as long as you live."

Laws of the State of Kansas.

AN ACT

Providing for the Annual Election for the year 1857, and annually thereafter.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Kansas: That the qualified voters of the State of Kansas shall meet in their respective precincts at such place as shall be prescribed by the Governor, the first Monday of August, A. D., 1857, at eight o'clock A. M., of said day, and proceed to elect three judges of the election, and two clerks, all of whom shall be sworn to perform the duties of their office impartially, and with fidelity; the oath or affirmation may be administered by the judges to each other and to the clerks; and the voters shall proceed to cast the ballots for persons to fill any vacancies which may exist in the offices of either the Governor, Lieut. Gov'r, Sec'y of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Judges of the Supreme Court, State Printer, Representative to Congress, and such members of the General Assembly, as the respective districts shall be entitled to by the apportionment provided for by law.

Sec. 2. The judges of the election shall provide suitable ballot-boxes wherein to deposit the ballots cast at said election, and the judges shall open the said election at 9 o'clock A. M., and shall close the same at six o'clock of said day.

Sec. 3. Every white male citizen of the United States, and all other persons who have the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution and who have been actual residents of the State for six months, and in the precinct where offering to vote for ten days next preceding the day of election, shall be considered qualified voters under this act.

Sec. 4. That the regulations of this Act shall apply, and be in force at special elections called by proclamation of the Governor, and shall regulate said elections and the returns thereof.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Governor upon the receipt of said returns, or as soon thereafter as may be, to open said returns, and after ascertaining who shall have received a sufficient number of votes for the respective offices, shall make a proclamation of the result of said election, and shall give certificates to such persons as shall appear to be elected to the various offices.

Sec. 6. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

W. Y. ROBERTS,
President of the Senate.

JOHN HUTCHINSON,
Speaker House of Representatives.

Approved: C. ROBINSON.

Topeka, June 13, 1857.

AN ACT

For taking the census, and to provide for the apportionment of representatives of the State of Kansas.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Kansas: That the Governor shall immediately divide the State into five districts, said districts to include all the settled portions of Kansas, and shall appoint five Marshals whose respective districts shall be designated by the Governor. It shall be the duty of the Marshals to appoint and qualify a sufficient number of each township or district, to take Census of the bona fide inhabitants of each township in such manner as may hereinafter be provided for.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Governor to furnish the Marshals with a sufficient number of blanks for taking a complete Census of the State of Kansas, which blanks shall be in the following form:

Name of white male Residents over the age of 21 years.	Date of settlement in Kansas.	Number of females & minors.	Number of colored persons.
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I hereby certify that the above return is correct, to the best of my knowledge.

July, 1857. Deputy Marshal.

Sec. 3. Each Deputy Marshal shall immediately proceed to take the census in the township or townships for which he was appointed according to the form provided for in section second of this act, and to make a complete and full return of the same, at such a time and place as may be designated by the Marshal, from whom he received his appointment.

Sec. 4. The Marshals shall make a return of the deputy Marshals' reports to the Secretary of State at Topeka, on the 15th of July, 1857, with the following certificate annexed:

Topeka, July, 1857.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Governor and Secretary of State to ascertain the whole number of the bona fide inhabitants in the State, and to divide the whole number by 60, the quotient of which shall be the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives, and by 20, the quotient of which shall be the ratio of representation in the Senate, and to apportion the Senators and Representatives among the several counties. Where a fraction exceeds one-half of the ratio, in any county, a full representation shall be allowed; where it is less than one-half, it shall be rejected; but the apportionment of such fractions shall be such that the number of Senators shall not exceed twenty, or of Representatives, sixty. Where a sufficient number for representation is wanting in any county, such county shall be annexed to the adjoining county or counties, until a sufficient number is secured.

Sec. 6. In order to defray the expense incurred by taking the census, as provided for in this Act, the sum of three thousand dollars is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 7. This Act to have effect from and after its passage.

W. Y. ROBERTS,
President of the Senate.

JOHN HUTCHINSON,
Speaker House of Representatives.

Approved: C. ROBINSON.

Topeka, June 15, 1857.